AT THE FULL OF THE TIDE.

Among the summer visitors that year were two young gir s, without friends or acquaintances in the gay company. For them was no lawn-tennis, no rambles with congenial spirits by the shore, no drives to the one or another of the many points of interest about them. They chose from necessity an unpretentious boarding-place, where the fully supplied. Plainly dressed, they were often seen in some picturesque nook by the sea or on the mountain roads, the one with her easel before her, for with her brush she strove to increase the income which their small property afforded; the other with folded hands and patient face-poor girl, she was blind-a picture artistically perfect, | come?" and one which touched each heart with pity. Nor were the sketches-one could hardly call them more-of the young artist without merit, for she caught the spirit of nature and transferred it feelingly to her canvas. One or two of these little pictures had found their way into the hands of fashionable guests, and one of them-a few storm-beaten trees, and a bit of rock jutting out into the breakers—was now attracting the attention of a group of tennis-players on their way to the field.

"A very excellent picture," commented | done before. one of them, a young fellow who had recent-

ly come from the city.

"I must disagree with you there. I find

it anything but that. There is a sentiment about it which lifts it at once out of the ordinary run. I should say a lady painted

"It looks like one of Miss White's," chimed in one of the young ladies." "I have seen two or three of her pieces."

"Who is Miss White?" inquired the newcomer.

"Haven't you seen her yet? She is that pretty girl wilh a blind sister whom we met down by the beach yesterday. You surely must have noticed her.

tainly notice anyone whom I suspected of being a fellow-artist."

"And very impertinent it would be, Mr. Fillebrown," cried a little fair-haired lady at his side, "if you were walking with me, as you were then."

The other regarded her laughingly, and so the subject was dropped, and they passed

Was it his superb figure, set off by his light flannel suit, bounding lightly over the grass to return or volley the ball, or was it the light-heartedness of the four players as they eagerly followed the fcrtunes of the | ingly well." game, which caused a passer-by to draw a long breath, perilously like a sigh, as she glanced at them over the pailing? Her com- | true." panion remarked it, and pressed more closely to her side. "What is it dear?" asked she. Her voice rang with a vague plaintiveness born of her affliction, and her hand trembled on her sister's arm.

"Nothing much, pet, only the same old story, 'For one was poor and the other was rich.' I ought to be thankful that it has been given me to keep you from want and harm; but sometimes my heart rebels, and for our daily bread."

"Don't talk so, dear; you make me feel as if I were a burden to you."

The other stooped and kissed the upturned face.

"Never that, pet; you can never be a burden to anyone. My nature demands that I should love someone, and you are the one | false. who satisfice it." "Yet--"

"No, not 'yet.' Never. You always fling that horrible word 'man,' at me. My dear Nettie, they are monsters of iniquity, all of them. They have no feeling for anyone they are all self. If you think that I shall ever link my fate with one of them be undeceived at once."

And poor Vellie was so overswed at her s'ster's superior wisdom and her earnestness that she kept silence until they had entered the forest.

There was, indeed, some truth in her judgment as regarded three of the players, but Walter Fillebrown was certainly rich in the usual sense. He had a moderate assured income; he had once or twice made successful ventures in stocks, or grain, or cotton, and his artistic talent paid. But he had a warm heart and a liberal education had fitted him to hold his own in whatever company he was placed. And, although Miss Rivers was far from suspecting it, she had (interested him in the blind girl and her artistic sister, so that he was on the alert to meet them, and followed them with his eyes -thereby making a serious error of playuntil they disappeared.

finny prey; a white-winged vessel was runturned a sharp corner in a cove walled on one side by titanic-rifted, square-cut rocks, while on the other great trees sprung at the water's edge from clefts in a rock flooring, tide. Here lay a box of sketching materied a girl, asleep or deeply plunged in reverie; over against her another was searching in a pool between over-lapping rocks just above the water-line, her sweet profile revealed or hidden in her eagerness. Fillebrown saw that already the water had run over the only path by which she the easel, which fell clattering on the

tion, and stretched out her hand uncertain-"Where are you, Grace?" cried she. For answer a manly hand grasped hers, and a strange voice replied to her instinctive opposition. "Do not be afraid of me. Your sister can not come to you just now. Allow me to help you in her place.'

"Grace, Grace?" called she.

"Well, pet?"

rocks; swept, too, through a concealed chan-

nel into the rock-pool bubbling up among

the mosses. Both girls started; the one

drew back with a pretty gesture of affright,

the other rose, uttering a terrified exclama

"What does this gentleman mean? Who is he? Where are you?"

"He is a stranger to me. But he is right. s:r, because she is blind."

"I know it, Miss White. There"-leading his charge under the pines-"now the water can not possibly reach you." He leaped a handful of flowers. across the fissure in which the tide was already knee-deep. "Permit me!" She looked hesitatingly at the rocks, rue-

fare was not always of the best nor bounti- fully at her easel, the sport of every wave. and shook her head. "I am afraid, sir, can not attempt the leap you have just made and my poor easel-

"That is quickly remedied." He leaned over, and taking advantage of the countercurrent, drew it to the shore. He held out "Now can you his hand to her again.

Fiercely curled an oncoming breaker and dashed against the rocks. The water deepened behind her, and a little stream trickled from it over the platform on which they stood. "I-I fear I can not. Do not think me cowardly, sir, but——"

"So be it. Excuse my impertinence, if impertinence it be."

He clasped her in his arms, and clearing the waterway stood with her by her sister's side. Her face was covered with blushesa man had held her as no man ever had

"Ya-as, rather, but very crude," returned | than my own." For she had noticed the | were concealed by intervening rocks and | the glory about them; the sea took on a another of the number, who sped English water already rushing over the spot where trees, he became for the first time uneasy. | caluer hue, and the sea anemones, with ways, and was consequently admired by the her sister had been. "I could have escaped with a slight wetting."

> "Doubtless," he returned courteously; ing cry. "yet it is better not to wet one's feet when

it can be avoided."

He showed no disposition to continue his way, but stood watching her as she gathered up her box of parcels, then glanced across at the little pool, now part and parcel of the fast-rising tide, as she locked back.

"May I ask what you were looking for over there ?" A faint color again arose to her cheeks. "Sea anemones and star-fish for my aquari-

"There are plenty of them hereabouts. "Not I, I assure you, But I should cer- Though one oughtn't to look for them when the tide is rising unless one knows the

ground." She had by this time collected the sketching materials and had come over again to where he stood. "You addressed me as Miss White just now. How did you know

my name, sir? I don't recollect having ever met you before." He laughed quietly. "Perhaps you are not as entirely unknown as you imagine. You were pointed out to me as an artist. Being something of one myself, I was interested. Permit me to say you paint exceed-

She made a gestire of dissent. "I only wish I could feel that what you tell me is

cause," he returned quickly.

sister and said nothing.

should become better acquainted, I may be permitted to sometime see your work. Pardon me for having forced my company upon you so lorg;" he lifted his hat and passed ed cabin windows, which again swung out away under the trees. The elder sister turn- of sight. I wonder how it is that others have means | ed and looked after him, half-expecting that | Pattering drops, the edge of the passing | to gratify every wish while I must struggle he would glance backward at them, but he storm, swept over the boat. Walter rose. did not, and was soon out of sight. She remembered him now; he had been among no response. Thank heaven that he had at the same, Walter." the tennis-players; he, too, was one of the lordlings of the earth.

"What do you think of him, pet?" for she was accustomed to trust to her sister's intuitive perceptions of true gold and

"He is a true man," answered the other, "without fear and without reproach."

monotonous roar of the breakers. Grace scated herself and began to sketch a gnarled stump before her, about which were growing gay colored flowers. Her sister clasped her hands behind her head and lay back on the | in the boat; so near were they that fifty rocks and mosses.

"Without fear and without reproach," she repeated. "Sister, you should love a man like that."

A brush fell from Grace's lap on the rocks. She stooped and picked it up before | extended, fingers pointed. replying, "Yes."

"Yes. Ah, if I had only the gift of sight | not skull against the tide." I might love such a one myself. Perhaps my infirmity quickens my other senses, but I know by his voice that he is a man one might trust utterly."

"It may be so. I had not thought of it," returned her sister, basy over her sketch. · Some day you will think of it, and then

you will go away from me and-" "Hush!" The other rose quickly and pressed an impulsive kiss on her sister's brow. "What have I done that I should arms pull them back to the steamer.

deserve this?"

It was no more than just that Miss White It was not altogether chance which led | should notice him when they next met, and him, an hour or two later, along the path | having done so she could not blame him for skirting the shore. By his side the billows | joining her. He introduced himself frankly, lashed the rocks, or crawled up the steeply- and in his off-hand, easy way at once won sloping beaches; overhead great clouds her favor. A foot-hold thus gained, ne flew, producing changes of light and color | rapidly developed in her a strong interest, | As his hand touched her she trembled a almost magical; the aroma of the pines and so that she learned to consult him in many little, then became passive, and courageouscedars were borne to him on the breeze; a | matters relating to her work, and to place | ly began that ascent of which she knew no. great bird wheeled overhead, seeking its reliance upon what he said. Though not forward or obstrusive in his intentions, he ning in from the open sea with legions of | was nevertheless so much occupied with her feathery waves chasing at her heels. He that his former companions saw less and | deck someone came to meet them. less of him. He was by no means a great "catch," yet one or two of the summer loit- | cab-why Fillebrown! now are you? What erers did not consider it unworthy to engage | brings you here?" in a slight flirtation with him-such a one on which lay fragments thrown up by the as consists in moonlight strolls along the ed his friend's hand, then in a low voice, bar, or evenings passed in threading the litt e als and a few colors; beside an easel inclin- | fleet of yachts clustered around the pier,which, if conducted by one more in earnest than he might have become serious. But, however he might be inclined to flirt with those who invised it, his intercourse with him. They joined the others. "Mr. Adams the fair young artist and her sister was free from any suspicion of it. Sometimes a bunch of wild flowers-it was astonishing could return, and just then a wave what numbers of them he found-or of culhigher than its fellows swept under tivated plants found its way to cheer her on whom all beauties of color were lost; or his lacking to insure the ready sale of the pictwo sketches, the joint work of both, added to the little pile which was steadily accumulating; sometimes he read to them while one worked and the other listened in contentment too complete for words; occasionally as they floated near one or another of the rocky islets he would sing ballads to the accompaniment of his banjo.

> it their intimacy. He heeded not society vented Fillebrown from speaking, and incalls to other summer resorts; he seemed | fluenced him by specious pleas to conceal

him their spells. His thoughts, his mind, his soul, were absorbed in this great en-The tide has cut me off. Be careful of her, | chantment, which overtopped them all. Small wonder was it that the elder sister, coming suddenly in, saw the younger's face buried with passionate fervor in Small wonder was it that in the moment of her happiness, as they stood together in the glow of the setting sun, she forgot for an instant what she had seen, and answering, met his lips as they sought hers. And then she dreaded to speak of what had come to her, and for the first time the bond of absolute confidence between the two young girls was broken. Yet, none the less was he with them both; none the less did he shower kindly attentions upon the poor helpless giri, and, if he sometimes took advantage of her infirmity to touch her sister's lips, or press her sister's hand, who shall blame him

He rowed them at evening out into the bay. Calm and still were the waters, the moon looked over the mountain-tops, and made a path of silver over the sea; and beneath it all was the great treachery of the tide, which set with a strong current away from the shore. An oar snapped somehow -he had taken but two-and the rower, seizing the other, attempted to skull again into the harbor. But the force of the wa-"I thank you, sir," she stammered pre- I ters was too mighty; he was borne backsently, "though more for my sister's sake | ward, and, as the lights paled and faded or Then he called, and his voice rang loudly | their hosts of cousins and cousinsgerman over the water, but it met with no answer-

He ceased skulling and looked blankly about him. A heavy cloud arose and obscured the moon. Afar off a pale flash of lightning gleamed, and the dull, distant boom of the thunder proclaimed the coming of the storm god. Grace rose and clung to her lover's arm, for she was of a timid nature after all; but when she asked her sister if she were not afraid, a high smile lighted up the blind girl's face, and she made answer deeply: "I fear nothing since Walter is here to protect us." A blush of shame rose to the other's face. This love which trusted so utterly was indeed greater than hers, for she had sought a visible support. So they drifted till the mountain-tops and the distant land-line were enveloped in a black shroud, and around them was only the

softly-swelling sea. The blind girl shivered and drew her shawl more closely about her. "I am cold," she murmured; and her sister rose from her lover's side and went over to her, and gathered her into her embrace. "Thank | gladly." you, dear, 'she said, and nestled into her sister's arms.

"The tide must be nearly at its ebb," said Walter bravely; "we will be carried back before morning.'

Out of space behind them came a black shape, silently, like a ghost, gliding over "Be assured that I never praise without | the sea. Two colored lights, its eyes glared at them; a third clung higher, and gently She busied herself in some way near her | swayed from side to side. Propelled by some mysterious influence, the great mis-After a short pause, "I trust that if we | shapen thing crept nearer, as though to run them down and destroy them. From it presently came a sound of music, and a change in its course revealed a line of light-

"Steamer a-ho-oy!" he cried. There was least powerful lungs! Again his clear voice rose, and now an answering trumpet-blast. "Where away?" smote on their ears with startling nearness.

"In a row-boat—dead ahead—or broken drifting out to sea!"

A thrill seemed to pass through the nearing shape, a lantern nurriedly crossed it, a A hush fell upon them, broken only by the | confused group of shadows rushed hither and thither; then the onward motion slowed, and on deck a blue light suddenly blazed, illuminating the sea with a strange, steely glare. It flooded the faces of those yards advance would infallibly have crushed them. By it they could see that some of the shadows wore long robes; and now their voices were heard, sweet and clear, among the deeper tones around them. Arms were

"Lower a boat," cried Fillebrown; "I can

They were indeed sweeping past the steam yacht; every foot was taking them further away. The blue light went out, a second was lighted up, the davits creaked as a cutter struck the water and flew toward

"Ladies!" exclaimed the coxewain, in a surprised tone. He had evidently not expected such. It was the work of a moment to fasten the boats together; then sturdy

"Let Nellie go first." But she shrank back as her tingers touched the cold iron,

"Where am I?" she cried.

"It is only the ladder, pet, leading to the deck." Yet she hesitated : she turned uncertainly. Fillebrown interpreted her wish, though he was far from suspecting its cause. thing. But his arm supported her; at that moment, wet and chilled through as she was, she was happy. As they gained the

"Ask the lady to step this way into the

"I will tell you in good time." He clasr. "Take charge of her for a moment, please;

she is blind. "Poor girl!" A look of pity passed over the other's face as he hesitated to comply. In another moment Grace stood beside

-Miss White-Miss Nellie White." The owner of the "Siren" bowed courteously to the ladies, perhaps more to the second, though she could not know it, than to

the first, then led the way to the cabin. A young fellow rushed from some shadowy timely suggestions supplied the one thing | corner up to Fillebrown and shook his hand with enthusiasm. "How are you, Walter, tures upon which depended so much; one or old boy!" he cried. "Delighted to see you;" then lower, "She's a 'stunner.' In-

troduce me, will you? Who is she?" "My betrothed wife," answered the other. calmly; and then the "Siren" resumed her course and sped through the thunder-storm

into a safe harbor at last. Every day the task which Grace had set for herself became more difficult. Why had As the summer deepened, deepened with she not spoken at first? Why had she pre-

voices which had been wont to cast over For the poor blind girl's love for him had | unless in the hereafter they may meet a passion, and she, accustom. | and be joined for eternity had become almost a passion, and she, accustom. and be joined for eternity by her loss ed to confide in her sister, confided this to and forgiven spirit. her also -her hopes, her doubts, her fears. "Does he love me?" she would say. "Sometimes I almost think so, he is so kind, so tender, so gentle. How could he be this if he did not love? And yet, no-he can not. I am blind and helpiese; he knows I would be a burden to him, even as I am to you. Do you think he loves me, sister?" And that sister unnerved by the great sorrow which tortured her, would murmur some reply which quieted the questioning for a little, and soothed the questioner's troubled

> This sorrow she must be aralone, for it must never be told to him, and he, maulike, strayed not into the faintest suspicion of it. What a terrible double part she was forced to pay, and how would it end? Some disclosure, some breaking of the charm which now held her sister in its power, and then -oh, what an awakening would be hers. For her only chance of happiness in this world lay in this, and this could not be.

The long summer days glided into their fruition and decay; on every side were evidences of migration; the gaudy-plumed birds of passage were about to resume their way, and leave this northern climate for a more congenial abiding-place. Yet these three lingered; the golden-rod blossomed for them, and the trees put on their gayest livery; the rocks reflected in sinuous lines drew themselves farther from the unfriendly

On an elevation overlooking the bay and town sat the lovers, through the branches the sun sent down his kindliest rays-poor, cold things they were at best-upon them. For a while a desultory conversation had been kept up; but now the third, reclining among her shawls, lulled by the faint roaring of the breakers, had fallen asleep.

Presently, seeing this, the two took up again the old subject; that never-tiring subject which held in its power the hopes, almost life, of that other so near.

"No. Walter. It can not be. Your income is not large enough to support three, and Nellie must always be my care."

"Yet you earn barely enough to make both ends meet." "We can struggle along," she smiled

faintly. "Better it is that you should wait; you are young yet and have a future. Achieve it! Some day, perhaps in five years, perhaps one, your talent will be properly recognized, then I will come to you

"And I must wait till then?"

"Yes, dear; we will not become a drag to pull you down. Perhaps-though it is almost a sin to say it—perhaps if I were alone, I would yield to you and come now; we could fight our battle together and make ourselves a foothold."

"Your words are sound sense;" he spoke bitterly now-"there speaks the woman of business." He caught her appealing look and checked himself, "I know you are right, darling, but what you say is none the less distressing for that. No. It has indeed narrowed itself down to this. My income will not suffice for three; but it might for two. This is a lesson I must learn; and, having learned, must profit by it."

He rose and paced nervously over the fallen leaves; she rose, too, and clasped her hands about his arm. "But I love you just

"I know it, my dear, noble girl; and it will not be my fault if our marriage is long delayed."

They passed away together into the full gladne's of the sunlight. A slight figure sank still deeper into the coverings about her; she emitted a smothered cry-they, bound up in each other, heard it notthen voice and form alike were still.

Presently the two returned. "She is still sleeping," said he, glancing at her, but his companion saw there a nameless something which filled her with dread. With a bound ahe was at her side. "Nellie!" she cried, but the lips moved not in answer, nor was the pressure of her hand returned. "Walter, come here. What is the matter?"

The face was white and cold. An agony seemed to have left there its fearful impress. The little hands clutched a few broken twigs and leaves; but the pulse beat still, though uncertainly and faintly. The two fell beside her, and rubbed her cold palms and colder brow. Water, which they had brought with them, was dashed in her face, and at last she revived. Slowly the color chased away the pallor of her cheeks.

"What has happened?" though the elder sister trembled as she asked the question, knowing full well the reply.

"Can you ask me, Grace?" What piteousness in her tone! What a world of re proach in her sightless eyes! "My God!" murmured the unhappy girl, "my cross is greater than I can bear."

And in their privacy of their chamber that night: "You were cruel, sister. He would not knowingly have deceived me so. '

Thereafter on this subject she held her peace. Only the pallor of her face—its hard. pinched look-the listlessness of her movements, told of the great forbearance which she exercised; of the struggle which was going on within. Still she accompanied them on their artistic strolls, but she took little or no part in their conversation, seeming always to hug some phantom of her imagination, or to meditate upon some overmastering resolve. And once, as they sat by the shore, they missed her calling they received no answer; searching, they found

her not; till at last____ For the poor girl had dragged herself to where the mouning sea attracted herthrough the scanty woods, over the shelving rocks-till the froth of the breakers rolled up to her feet, and their voices bellowed, inviting, in her ears.

"Yes, yes, I come to you,' she whispered; "It is the only way. I am always a drag, always a hindrance. Without me they could be happy. Oh, my loved one-my sister-accept my sacrifice, and rejoice."

Gently she slid into the waters. "It is cold," she murmure i, "but I will not be cold long; it will soon be over, soon-" The waves engulfed her; a bubbling cry, a faint struggle, and then-

So they found her, lying peacefully but an arm's depth beneath the sea, whose spray sparkled in the sunlight, and made about her an aureole like that of the Christian martyr.

Years may come and go, but will those two ever reach that happiness which seemed unmindful of the enchantment of sweet from her sister their relation to each other? have united them has parted them forever;

SCIENTIFIC COSSIP

Protection to Oil Paintings-Card 1. grams-False Comets-Ingenion Contrivance for Steamship Shaft, &c., &c.

Rapid progress is making on the North Railway, South Africa. When to pleted this line will form a short and dis route between the coast and the Free & and Basutoland. At Bourke, New South Wales, the aven temperature of the hottest par; of the for the first fifteen days of the present to was 1196° Fabrenheit, and the high

temperature recorded during that pen was 122 ° Fabrenheit. Mr. W. H. Massey, of the Society of Ta egraph Engineers, London, has strongly to ed the introduction of a small engine a dynamo-electric machine on each locomoth and his money lady named in order to supply incandescent leb. 13, a young lady named by 13, a young lady named in order to supply incandescent lamp; means of which, he maintains, railroad a wyer (whose can with the old riages can be lighted better and puse and remain with the city), range risges can be lighted better and ches

than by gas jets. The first Londoner according to the But arred, and no noise could be er, who idtroduced conduit water into premises, was a tradesman of Fieet-size This is how a record of 1478 sets forth b occurrence: "A wax chandler in Fla street had by crafte perced a pipe of condit withynne the ground and so conve the water into his selar; wherefore he judged to ride through the citie with a co dit uppon his hedde," the city crier men while preceding the criminal and proclaiment and nine ribs had been on the offence

ing his offense. Card telegrams are much in use in Pan tairs, in her bed, was Mrs. W There are two kinds of them-one like the ordinary postal card in form and color, and the other blue and capable of being so cha ed as to conceal the writing. They are ear large enough to contain a message of fall card telegram box of the nearest telegram ripping with blood at the h office the official in charge picks it wer jaw was splintered, her and has it transmitted through one the pneumatic tubes which extend all ore the city, thus insuring its delivery at the place to which it is addressed in less the olicited his assistance. That half an hour from the time it was "not

ican describes several false comets observed y towards Willson's house. by himself and others in and near Philadel phia within recent years. He ascribes the Who committed the murder to reflection by a water charged atmospher the first thought. Its object of the sharp and well defined flames product obbery; but why should roob ed by the ignition of natural gas at the en couple if they were not known tremity of escape pipes. Other places is ordinary professional cracksm Pennsylvania have been the scene of like een? A number of arres phenomona under analogous circumstance proforms of tramps and other Probably similar spectacles witnessed sons seen in the neighbourho Porto Rico and Sulphur Springs may, when was no evidence forthcomin all the facts are thoroughly sifted, be found their detention. The heir of to have their origin in not disimilar terres alled in the services of Pink trial agencies

M. Cailletet, one of the two French which led to an arrest. At the vants who succeeded in liquidizing the later murder there was snow upon of the gases, has invented an apparatus in Tracks were found in the sn the continuous production of intense cold the front gate. Exact plaste It consists of a closed steel cylinder contain tracks were taken by the det ing a coil of oupper pipe, the ends of which rooms where the crime was c project from each head of the cylinder found three rubber vest butte Two copper tubes are also screwed into the make. The name of a Pa cylinder, and one of them communicate stamped on them. All were with the mercurial piston pump alresign one had a piece of cloth atta used by Cailletet, while the other received from somebody's clothes. the ethylene which has been compressed by links in the evidence were n the pump and cooled by methyl coloride. A care of. The day before the circuit is then formed in which the same son had received a consideral quantity of condensed ethylene is repeated ey through the sale of some ly evaporated in the copper coil, producing it this money, his gold watch, tense cold, and then compressed again by book, and other valuable par the pump being sufficiently cooled with but \$350 in cash and \$3,000 ethyl chloride and ready for evaporation were found in an old trun again.

In the absence of flexibility other than that provided by the springing of the screw shaft of a steamship the Engineer maintain that breakages will occur, and in order to minimize the results of fractures, suggest an ingenious expedient borrowed from rolling mill practice. In rolling mills a "break ing spindle" is always introduced between the driving wheel and the roll trains to save the rolls and gearing from the effects of undue strains. This spindle is simply a short length of shafting of smaller section than the rolls or roll-necks. If something must give way it will be the weak or breaking spindle, which being of cast iron, can be replaced for a few shillings, and with no more than a few minutes' delay. Why, very pertinently asks our contemporary, should not screw shafts have one short length in each, with a strength of, say 75 per cent of the rest of the shaft? Two or three lengths might be carried. If the shaft breaks at al it will be here, and the broken bit can be teken out and replaced by a sound section is a couple of hours.

A Good Clerk.

A good clerk is a prize too rarely found, and when found often unappreciated. When a man has a clerk in whom he can place confidence, he may regard himself as extramely fortunate. One good clerk will do more, for the defence. and do it better, than two poor ones. does not require constant looking after. When he does anything there is no necessity for his employer to do it over again. He will always take pains to treat customers well and serve them with exactly what they want. He never acts as if he owns the whole establishment, and a very larg: por tion of the world outside of it. He is polite, unas siming an lanxionus to forward his em. ployer's interests. He is sufficiently level headed to recognize the fact that the more his employer's business increases the better is his own chance for advancement. With this end in view he naturally takes a close personal interest in the business. When a man is fortunate enough to get such an employe, he would do well to endeavor to retain him. If he wants a holiday once in a while, let him have it. He will appreciate it and make it up to you. Should he ask a favor of you, grant it, as by so doing it will make him regard you as his best friend and the bond between you will be one of friend. ship as well as business interest. Many employers overlook the fact that a good clerk is a person of some influence. He can always bring trade with him, and need never be at a loss for emyloyment. If he leaves one employer he can readily obtain a posttion with another, probably in the same neighborhood, and draw trade to his latest employer. When you get a good clerk keep him. You can feel a sense of security when you go to market or for an evening's recree. tion if you leave such a person in charge. Your business will be well attended to, and even if you pay him a liberal salary, you will find it a benefit in the long run.

URDER .

Aged Couple Brutally The Crime a Mystery—En ling the Jury. A murder trial which promi-

use celebre recently commence

and it is not without intere ns, as the accessed is one Nei son of a farmer who lives n Most murders in Chicago, are done in the light of d is shrouded in mystery. ecrime is briefly this: -Sixtee Chicago lies the pretty litt llage of Winnetka. In a han oried cottage, isolated from uses, lived James L. Willson Villson was 72 years old and They were wealthy, a ars. They were wearthy, and frequently came to the cit and frequently matters. On and his money matters. On wyer (whose custom it was to Villson was in the city), rang t received no answer. Th he passed to the rear, and ent kitchen window. What a si

BLOOD WAS EVERYWH n the walls, the ceiling, the fi The old man Willson oor of his bed-chamber, dead is were lodged in his body, a jumping of the murderer u lmost out of human semblance rm lay outside the blood-soa Her thin fingers were grasping rhich had snapped in two whe dherself. She had been bea nd her right arm broken in tw oung woman was horrified, putcher whose shop was with Weil McKeague, the new prin he came to the shop she four A correspondent of the Scientific Ann tanding in the doorway, look THE CRIME A MYST

They were probably overlook

THE SUSPICION TI Among the villagers who cussing the murder was the butcher, McKeague. He rep , with varying details, a s that the night before the came to his store and said 't a caller that night and want stesk." The constant rei s'ory made people whisper t possible there was an object The whispering became lou-Keague's custom fell off. avoided. It became known owed Willson a large sum the evidence of this debt w papers carried off by the mu tives watched Mckeague. secretly examined and th matched other buttons upon microscope identified the t to one button as being the s n one of his vests. His pis lets of the same calibre as t man's body. Despite his innocence, this circumstant deemed sufficient for his arr gentlemanly old man, Thorold, Ont., interviewed nounced him guiltless. I eminent counsel and emp

His trial was opened be thony. The prisoner is a plump faced, rather good-le decidedly free from the h ance usually ascribed to mu fashionably but mexpensiv coat was closely buttoned bright cameo pin relieved His collar was altogether o ion, and his get-up unlike t has been in gael for some was worn short, and parte middle, The whole day w lenging the jurors. Ever conscientions objections to ment, or were over 60 year formed an opinion about reading the newspapers stand aside. It was amus the "pre-formed convict worked by the jurors wh away. From ten in the m the afternoon not a single lected. If somebody had per-reading test to the pre possible he would have ' trom attendance also, Dellow EMPANELLING

MCKEAGUE IN THE

The McKeague trial cor crowded court, although evidence has yet been sub person presented as a pos ule willingly excused fr dance Nearly one hund confident of a verdict of a his aged Scotch father an